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SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

Col. J. Soule Smith, of Lexington, Ky.,
Recounts the Many Occurrences
and Tells the Remedy.
(Cleveland (O.) Gatling Gun.)

Nothing connected with our recent November election is more noticeable than the race war in the Carolinas. The election itself seems to be irritating and unsatisfactory to all classes of politicians and theorists. It was, in the main, a fair expression of the popular will, rendered without undue passion or special emphasis. Those who stayed at home expressed that will about as much as those who voted. Their negative attitude meant simply that they saw no reason to change the existing order of things, and in that opinion I think the majority of the American people agree. The lower house of congress will about represent the normal condition of political thought; and the senate will satisfy the capitalists, whose only politics is self-interest.

But in the two Carolinas self-preservation wiped out political lines, and eliminated several politicians from the public gaze—some of them even from the earth. And some negroes, who were cat's-paws for the white leaders, were slain in an unrighteous cause while their leaders went unscathed. They were in bad luck—like those other darkeys imported into Illinois by the mine-owners, who were slain or driven away by the miners, while the capitalists who imported them lived to vote the Republican ticket in peace and quiet and thanked God that they had by so doing advanced the cause of human freedom. The men who invite Anarchy, and breed Anarchy—the men, in fact, who make Anarchy possible—from the Autocrat of all the Russias to Mark Hanna, are men who make plans for Peace and babble about Human Rights, meaning thereby the rights of no human except themselves and the security of no property save their own. Governor Tanner is labeled an anarchist in the north because he justified the shooting of negroes at Pana; had he the power he would no doubt hang the white men who shot down the negroes at Wilmington and Phoenix. He needed the votes of the white miners in Illinois, and his party needs the votes of the black negroes in North and South Carolina. I don't suppose he cares any more for Peace and Human Liberty than does the czar or Mark Hanna, or Wm. McKinley for that matter. Any man whose political belief is based upon the idea that you have the right to take your neighbor's property away from him by force, is to that extent an anarchist; and Tanner and Mark Hanna and McKinley are results of that political idea.

Agitators and anarchists are born into the world more often than they are made. Necessity made Oliver Twist ask for more, and he was beaten by the beadle; but Bismarck was a born anarchist and successfully robbed France of her fairest possessions, compelling her also to pay some billions of francs to keep from having her throat cut. Your Tyrant, your Conqueror, your Millionaire, is the born Anarchist—he takes what he needs not, from him who has nothing to give. He compels the miner to be an anarchist or else starve in the midst of his famished family. And your Philanthropist is usually a born Anarchist—his reforms are always consummated at the expense of somebody else. Old John Brown took great delight in killing southern white men, but never went to work to pay his honest debts. His philanthropy never extended to his creditors. The Coal Oil Johnny who endows a hospital, differs only in degree from the highwayman who robs a stage-coach and bestows a penny on the beggar—both of them give away what they have unjustly acquired. The Anarchist leader who lives by fomenting strife is no worse than the Plutocrat whose oppression of the poor drives

them into anarchy: no worse than the traveling mountebank who incites a mob to burn a nunnery, or the Kansas saint who dynamites a saloon.

The white people of the Carolinas have become a law unto themselves, and the shotgun is their prophet. They have disregarded the enactments on their statute books, and taken possession of their own by force and violence. They have proclaimed that conservatism and intelligence shall reign, and have emphasized that proclamation with the bullet and the torch. It is a fearful thing that people have to procure peace by bloodshed and uphold the law by breaking it. But the responsibility rests not upon them; it rests upon those who made their action necessary. This government, today, is administered by a political party whose most potent dictation was that "the constitution is a league with the devil and a covenant with hell." In obedience to "a law higher than the constitution," that party was formed and does now exist. At the November election a majority of the American people declared their allegiance to that principle by voting their confidence in that party. And no man who, by his vote or in his heart, endorses the murderous career of John Brown in Kansas or his traitorous attack upon Harper's Ferry, has a right to ask enforcement of the law against the white men of Carolina or the miners of Illinois.

This principle of the "higher law" brought on our Civil War, and with its termination the constitution was made to accord with the accomplished fact. The negroes were freed without law, and the law made them free afterward. They were given the ballot when they were as little fitted for it as the yet unvisited Filipinos are now. In reconstruction days, they were made judges and postmasters before they could read or write. When a white man was not allowed to buy an ounce of powder or a percussion cap, his former slave handled his mail in the postoffice and adjudicated upon his property or his liberty. When the white people of the South were in this manner deprived of all protection for their persons and for what little property they had left, then—and not till then—did the "higher law" people demand obedience to the written law. They said to the Southern people: "You have been stripped of your slave property by a law higher than the constitution. Your former slaves have been made your masters by military law. You must now be obedient to the constitution and submissive to the enacted laws, else it will be the worse for you." The Southern people obeyed—because they had to; but they never intended then, nor do they intend now, that negro supremacy should prevail. The "higher law" of the bayonet and the cannon made the negro the white man's master; the "higher law" of the shotgun and the torch says that he shall not continue in control, or rule the Anglo-Saxon.

Under the constitution and the laws, mining operators in Illinois have a right to bring cheap labor, white or black, from the South to operate their mines. Gov. Tanner, in obedience to a "higher law," says that negroes shall not come; the white miners proceed to shoot them when they do come; on the whole it seems that the darkey is persona non grata everywhere. The Northern miner does not love him any more than does the Southern planter. Indeed, so far as my experience goes, the Southern white man—whether planter or dweller in the city—has kinder feelings toward the negro than the Northern man has. No negro ever starved to death in the South. But the Southern man likes the negro as a negro: he will not endure him as a political boss or a social equal. This may be prejudice, instinct, innate cussedness, or whatsoever you choose to call it, but my statement is bed-rock truth. The Nor-

thern philanthropist loves the negro as an ideal—an angel in ebony, existent in the clouds or anywhere else except in the neighborhood of the said philanthropist. George Harris, who was the saint in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," lived and died in Lexington, Ky. In his old age he was supported by the charity of Southern people, and his burial expenses were paid out of a fund sent here by an admirer of Mrs. Stowe's book, in New Zealand. His own children, who are able-bodied negroes in the North, did nothing for him, and only came, after his death, for the purpose of collecting what remained of the New Zealander's money. They never got a cent of it. Old John Brown killed a negro at Harper's Ferry because he got in the line of fire, and Cash Clay, of Kentucky, killed a negro soon after the war, for some imaginary insult either to himself or his bastard son, I do not now remember which. Such application has this philanthropy.

The riot at Wilmington, N. C., while it was only one symptom of a chronic unrest, yet became acute because of an editorial in a negro paper concerning the "poor white" women. If there is anything the negro thoroughly despises it is the "poor white folks." These are the white men of the South who never owned slaves, and are about as coarse-fibred as Mark Hanna is, without possessing Mark Hanna's millions. The women of such families the negroes consider their legitimate prey, especially if the fathers and brothers vote the Republican ticket—as they usually do. But the tiger who has once tasted human blood becomes a man eater to be dreaded; and the negro who has once consorted with a white woman does not afterward consider blood or breeding, nor trouble himself about such small matters as consent. All white women look alike to him. For some reason, the possession of a white woman has peculiar charms for the negro. Fred Douglass married a white woman when he had no more need for any woman, white or black, than a Dachshund has for a Jew's-harp. When sap-headed philanthropists from the North and black-hearted scoundrels from the South incite negroes to lust after white women, they awaken a fire which is sure to burn somebody. These fellows lead the negroes into trouble: the negro gets killed, and the real culprit gets an office. God pity the negro in it all!

Cassius M. Clay, that pestilent old Kentucky swashbuckler, who never had a generous thought or earned an honest dollar in his life, raised a mob in Lexington, Ky., once, about an editorial similar to that of the North Carolina negro editor. It was before our Civil War, and a mass meeting of citizens appointed a committee who notified him that he must discontinue his newspaper and ship the outfit of his office back to Ohio. He returned a defiant answer, and then went to his residence, sick, from swallowing some of his own venom, possibly. The committee gutted his office and shipped his outfit away. Some of the leading men of that mass meeting were Republicans during the war and afterward, and they have had occasion to feel keenly the result of Old Cash Clay's teachings. They loved the negro afar off, but they booed the colored gentleman away from their front doors. These same men, today, will denounce the "outrages" in the Carolinas, and would commit the like, if necessary, in Kentucky.

Indignation meetings are no good in matters of this kind. The lucent planets are very sweet and soft and mild, as we view them in the firmament. Not even Mars himself is as baleful as a comet. But all the indignation meetings in this world could not jostle gentle Venus from her course. There are Jews in France proud of their Abrahamic blood, and Catholics who tell their beads in Kansas. Our armies find Freemasons in Cuba and Porto

Rico, and the mild-mannered Jesuit makes his way along the cow-paths of Boston Common. Human nature can not be changed by the action of committees; and while there is a real white man in the South, the man who forces negro domination on him is in danger of his life. The colored gentleman who dominates, likewise walks in perilous paths.

The negro editor, Manley, of Wilmington, N. C., justified his writing by some words uttered in a speech by Mrs. Felton at Tybee, Ga., some two years or more since. Just as I am finishing this article, Mrs. Felton—wife of Congressman Felton—publishes an interview quoting from her speech and making some further statements. I give her words without comment. In addressing the farmers at Tybee she said:

"With due respect to your politics, I say that when you take the negro into your embrace on election day to control his vote and use liquor to befuddle his brain and make him believe he is your man and brother; when you honey-suckle him at the polls and make him familiar with dirty tricks in politics, so long will lynching prevail, because the cause will grow and increase with every election, and when there is not enough religion in the pulpit to organize a crusade against this sin nor justice in the court house to promptly punish the crime, nor manhood enough in the nation to put a sheltering arm around innocence and virtue, if it requires lynching to protect woman's dearest possession from ravaging, drunken human beasts, then I say lynch a thousand a week if it is necessary."

"Since that address was made the crime and lynchings have decreased 50 per cent in Georgia," said Mrs. Felton, coming to the present time. "The race will be destroyed by the whites in self-defense unless law and order prevail in regard to the crime of criminal assault and the lynching that follows."

"When the negro, Manley, attributed the crime of criminal assault to lewd intimacy between negro men and the white women of the South, the slanderer should be made to feel a lyncher's rope rather than occupy a place in newspapers."

These are the words of a Southern woman, and they find echo in the heart of every Southern man, be he "poor white" or rich planter. They will find response in every manly heart in the United States, and they are well worth careful pondering by every man who has the ballot in his hands. The philanthropists, and other leaders of indignation meetings, might especially consider them with care.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

At the Christian church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Wm. H. Cord will present the "Cause of Ministerial Relief," and he earnestly requests every member of the church to be present, and all others who so desire. His topic for the occasion is "A Tender Ministry." At night his topic will be "A Strange Boy," and at that time he will tell of a "Strange Boy" who lives in Hazel Green. Whose boy is he?

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by J. Taylor Day.

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A LESSON ON WRESTLING.

Plant Well Your Feet Before Grappling With Your Opponent.

To Christians Must Be Ready to Meet Evil Powers—Carrying a Bible Will Not Win in the Fight—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage selects one of the boldest figures of the Bible to present most practical and encouraging truths. Text, Ephesians vi. 12: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theater, the arena, the foot race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves, or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel and palm; or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley; or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days, if we were thoughtful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil, and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw in the third throw was on his top and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

In wrestling the opponents would bow in apparent savagery, advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms, and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contortions and strangulations and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other, tripping him up, or with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with temptation, and the struggle of truth with error, and the struggle of heavenly forces against apollonism powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philemon, seem to have been dictated, and as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestialelligent: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed one to the other. It was civility, not only in Grecian or Roman games, but in later day, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III. in St. Giles' Field, between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a twist and a hard pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and civility. The genuflections, the affability, the courtesy in no wise hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong, we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call rum sellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card players and theater goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynamite. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more ob- jurgation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with civility. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmene, was by a precursor of smiles helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "twelve labors." Let us be as wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in courtrooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touchhole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demonstrations of bad temper. I never like

to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship."

Instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious; but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he proposed to say some things concerning Him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises civilities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Pantheon of idolatries. Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all Heaven on top.

Remember also that the wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot, and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months, so that when they met it was like giant clutching giant. And, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian discipline, by holy self-denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine superintendence and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school and four years in college and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off a man's active life, but if you realize the height and strength of the archangel of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice as he felt called to preach the Gospel, began the word "God" with a little "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the Gospel. Illiterate men, preaching the Gospel, quote for their own encouragement the scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Dr. Newman and Dr. Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah, gained the victory because they had so long been skillful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready in giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

Your going around with a Bagster Bible with flaps at the edges, under your arm, does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profane gab, remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say, that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost; and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between right and wrong, accept no challenge on platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapprehend the story of Goliath the Great and David the Little. David had been practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and a thousand times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground, or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the gospel—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not do to believe the Bible in spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue.

You just make up your mind that the story of the Garden of Eden is an allegory, and the epistle of James is interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and Satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old Book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But of the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last 25 years not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition. Alas! for those who, while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the Book, would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least—economy of brain and economy of stationery, and economy of printers' ink—if the betteres now assaulting the Book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's "Farewell Address" was written by Thomas Paine, and that the war of the revolution never occurred. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long-time attack anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that both feet are planted in the eternal verities of the Book of Almighty God!

Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in my text, it was the third throw that decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once and thrown twice, but the third time he might recover himself, and by an unexpected twist of arm or curve of foot, gain the day. Well, that is broad, smiling, unmistakable Gospel. Some whom I address through ear or eye, by voice or printed page, have been thrown in their wrestle with evil habit.

Aye! you have been thrown twice; but that does not mean, O worsted soul, that you are thrown forever. I have no authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven, or how many times he may fall and get up again; but I have authority for saying he may fall 400 times, and 400 times get up. The Bible declares that God will forgive seventy times seven, and if you will employ the rule of multiplication you will find that seventy times seven is 490. Blessed be God for such a Gospel of high hope and thrilling encouragement and magnificent rescue! A Gospel of lost sheep brought home on Shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigals who got into the low work of putting hushes into swine's troughs brought home to jewelry and banqueting and hilarity that made the rafters ring!

The time is coming—I know it will quicken your pulse when I mention it—when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown. Which of the great evils will survive all the others I know not, whether war, or revenge, or fraud, or lust, or intemperance or gambling, or Sabbath desecration. It will be the evil the most thoroughly entrenched, most completely re-enforced, most patronized by wealth and fashion and pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand, with grim visage, looking down upon the graves of all the other slain abominations—graves dug by the hot shovels of despair, and surmounted by such epitaphology as this: "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "The wages of sin is death." "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead."

"There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Yes! I imagine we have arrived at the time when we may say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrestled down. It stands, not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and shaking its fist at the Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrestled down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or Deific, that can throw me. I have ruined whole generations, and I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches, and all ye reformatory institutions, and all ye legislatures, and all ye thrones! I challenge you! I plant my feet on this red-hot rock of the world's woe. I stretch forth my arms for the mightiest wrestle any world has ever seen. Come on! Come on!" Then righteousness will accept the challenge and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and Heaven look down from one side, and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other side. The two wrestlers sway to and fro, and turn this way and that, and now the monster, evil, seems the mightier of the

two, and now righteousness seems about to triumph. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet of laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by Him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, Heaven and hell—hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when, with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with Omnipotence, righteousness hurls the last evil, first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wider than that with which Sampson hurled the Temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars, but more like the throwing of Satan out of Heaven, as described by John Milton.

Him the Almighty power flung Headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, With hideous ruin and combustion, down To bottomless perdition; there to dwell In adamantine chains and penal fire, Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms. Nine times the space that measures day and night

To mortal man, he with his horrid crew Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf, Confounded, though immortal." Aye! That suggests a cheering thought, that if all the realms of demology are on the other side all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them Gabriel and Michael, the archangel, and the Angel of the New Covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph; talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory palaces and along the broad ways and grand avenues of the great capital of the universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbow-like the rainbow round the throne, and as they take their morning ride in the chariots with white horses, fitted with gold, that were seen by John in vision apocalyptic and while waiting in temples for the one hundred and forty and four thousand to chant, accompanied by harpers and trumpeters and thunderings and halloings like the voices of many waters. Yes, all Heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of Heaven, where there are enough reserve forces. If our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks could strike 12 for noon. And the cabinet of Heaven, the most august cabinet in the universe, made up of three—God, the Father, God, the Son, and God, the Holy Ghost—are now in session in the King's palace and they are with us and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them and celebrate the final victory that is more sure to come than to-morrow's sunrise.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

JAPAN factories employ no children under 15 years of age.

The shovel fish is so called because it uses its nose to turn over the mud at the bottom of the sea in quest of the worms and small shellfish on which it feeds.

Spain has one large cruiser of the Cristobal Colon type building in Italy. It was to have been delivered this year, but with the bad luck which waits upon Spain was not completed when the war began.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century Spain had 120,000 churches, 200,000 priests, 54 bishops, 70,000 monks and 30,000 nuns. The clergy of Castile alone had an annual income that would equal \$25,000,000 to-day.

The wood sawyers of Atlanta, Ga., 200 in number, have formed a trust, and have raised the price of sawing stove wood from 75 cents to \$1 per day. Every member of the organization is a blind man or a cripple.

There are several rich oil fields in Mexico. A company with a capital stock of \$800,000 has been organized for the purpose of developing these oil fields and they will run in opposition to the Standard Oil company.

Clover sickness, a common disease that often ruins clover crops, has caused German scientists to make experiments. They now say that farmers will soon be able to inoculate their land just as human beings may be treated.

In Russia many scientific and miscellaneous books are not allowed to be sold, simply on account of a few objectionable lines. But if any one needs the book he can send a letter, with a certain fixed sum of money, and get special permission to order a copy.

The latest roster of the Japanese navy shows that of the 15,000 men in the service 5.73 per cent. are between the ages of 15 and 20 years, and 38.3 per cent. between the ages of 20 and 25 years. Only 1.05 per cent. are over 40 years, and most of these are officers.

The censorship of the press leads to amusing expedients for filling up space in the newspapers of Madrid and Barcelona. The most sensational of Spanish newspapers are now forced to print a good many cooking receipts, remedies for mosquito bites, etc., to fill up.

Recent investigations have shown that the principal source of the gulf stream is not the Florida channel, but the region between and beside the islands of the West Indies. At Bionini the volume of this warm water is 60 times as great as the combined volume of all the rivers in the world at their mouths.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

David Linton, who is said to be the richest man in Ohio, is the son of a poor Irishman, who intended his boy for a blacksmith.

A Walsden (England) mechanic has succeeded in breaking his legs 24 times in the last 52 years. The Manchester doctors look upon him as a marvel.

More than half the lord chancellors of England during the past 50 years were the sons of poor men. One of them was the son of a country barber, and the father of another was a Newcastle coalheaver.

"A gentleman whose wife and daughter have run away from home for a holiday, leaving him in charge of a baby, who, although fairly well, appears to be cutting a tooth, earnestly desires that they will return home at once," and advertises the fact in the London Standard.

Col. Smith, of the First California, tells a story of one of the recruits at the Presidio. This is an Irishman, and he was doing guard duty. "Do you know your orders, sentry?" asked the colonel. "Yis, sor. 'If you face the rising sun, your left hand would be on the north of you and your right hand to the south of you. What would be behind you?' 'Me canteen, sor.'"

In a Utica kindergarten school a few days ago the subject before the class was the hen. Among other questions asked by the teacher was: "What does the hen have that we have?" The teacher at the same time placing both her hands on her head to indicate the portion of the body referred to. The teacher was much surprised as well as amused when a little girl quickly answered: "A comb!" The teacher had placed one hand on a comb in her hair.—Utica Observer.

"It is said that once when Bismarck was leaving home in 1860," says the Philadelphia Record, "his youngest son asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know. At that moment a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the prince's luggage. 'Twenty-four,' was the answer. 'Ah, papa,' cried out the 'terrible infant,' 'now I know how long you are to be from home—24 days!'"

HE WOULDN'T SLEEP.

Mr. Lafferty Kept His Eye on the Enemy and Won the Battle with Death.

The hospitals are naturally the scene of many pathetic, some humorous, incidents, and a few in which humor and pathos are sadly mixed, writes a Washington correspondent. One day "Pat" Lafferty and "Mike" Dolan cronies in peace, companions in arms, both wounded before Santiago, were brought into one of the city hospitals, and found themselves side by side, as they had lived and fought in the great war.

"How are ye, Pat?" asked Mike of his friend.

"Mr. Lafferty, if ye please. I likes to maintain me dignity, if I am shot through the breast."

"Well, how are ye, Mr. Lafferty?" repeated Mike, smiling feebly.

"If I didn't feel so bad, I'd feel better," responded Pat. "But how are ye yourself, Mr. Dolan?"

"I'm dead entirely, Mr. Lafferty, an I'm expecting to git worse."

The doctor making his rounds interrupted this interesting conversation by cautioning the wounded men to go asleep. Mike Dolan turned his face away, pulled the clothes about his shoulders and obediently settled himself, but Pat stared straight before him.

"Go to sleep, Pat," coaxed the surgeon. "Sleep is the best medicine for you."

"Mr. Lafferty, if ye please, doctor, I want to maintain my dignity, if I am shot through the breast."

"Well, Mr. Lafferty, then," said the young physician, amiably. "Go to sleep. You'll be better in the morning."

"Not once shall I shut my eyes to-night, doctor, not once. If I go to sleep, death might come to me in my sleep. If I stay awake I can fight death. I don't intend to die to-night, doctor. Mind that. Poor Mike, there, knows his own business, but I don't intend to die."

The doctor smiled at Pat's determination, but he had little hopes for him. The poor Irishman was sorely wounded. Whenever he passed by Pat's cot, however, he found him with his eyes staring wide open, and once felt his pulse, fearing that unwelcome death had already come.

"Don't ye be uneasy, doctor," said the patient, faintly, struggling with pain. "Mr. Lafferty is not goin' to die to-night."

In the morning, when the nurse came to look after him, he gave her a cheery greeting, and it is pleasant to chronicle that his brave spirit "went out," and that he is in a fair way to recovery. But his friend and companion, Mike Dolan, placid and obedient, Mike Dolan, had "crossed the bar."—N. Y. Tribune.

True Witnesses.

Mrs. Farnside—Joshua, the tramp, have robbed our clothesline again. Joshua—How do yer know it's ramps?

"Because they have taken every thing but the towels."—Judge.



LABOR-SAVING BARN.

It is Conveniently Arranged for a Place Where Farming is Conducted on a Large Scale.

The barn portrayed herewith is built upon a large scale, holding 100 tons of hay. The extreme measurements are sketched 60 by 90 feet. The center or main part A A is about 24 feet wide and 76 feet long by 24 high, and is filled with hay from the ground up; a a a are self-feeding chutes, 4 feet wide, extending the whole length and height of the main part, opened about 2 feet on the outside at bottom; the side of the chute next to the hay is left open at different distances from



THE "ROUND PLAN"

top to bottom, so that as hay is fed out there will be openings further down. The hay runs down to within about 2 feet of the bottom in the chute, where it rests upon a floor which is the bottom of the manger, C C C, running out about 2 feet beyond the outside of the chute; B B, C C and D are each 14 feet wide.

In B B are marked separate stalls which are absent in C C, but can be arranged according to circumstances, with or without. There is, however, room left behind so that a team and wagon can be driven through for cleaning barn. E and D may be used for younger stock for extra care. F is a box stall about 10 by 12 feet. G



FRONT AND END VIEWS

is a feed room. The numbers represent doors of different width, some of which could be dispensed with, or others added, according to circumstances; 2, 3, 9 and 10 are each about 7 feet wide hung upon rollers; 11, 5, 6, 7 and 15 are 10 feet wide; 1 is about 12 feet hung upon hinges; 8, 8, 12, 13 and 14 may be quite small. If desired, a gangway in front of the mangers may be made, 3 feet wide and about 6 feet high, as represented by dotted lines b b b b, with door at 4, and a small chute made across manger at intervals through which to feed grain. The elevations as shown by the smaller cuts are the end views. Doors 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, correspond to the same figures in the ground plan. The outside shed is about 10 feet high by 14 feet wide, extending clear round the main part with the exception of the one end. Below where the roof of the addition strikes the main part, the inside need not be boarded up tight along the chutes and by being well braced will dispense with all boarding except the outside.—Farm and Home.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Do not depend on beauty of form in the selection of the good dairy cow. One among the best butter cows we ever possessed was of undeniably "scrub" origin and exceedingly angular. While a great many people find fault with the Devon on account of their long horns, yet they have proven themselves a good beef cattle; besides, they have excellent milking qualities.

In the Elgin district there are probably produced 100,000 pounds of butter per day, which would require 2,500,000 pounds of milk and a loss of ten cents per hundred would mean a loss of \$2,500 per day, or nearly \$1,000,000 a year.

One really good cow will furnish as much milk as two ordinary ones, while the one will cost but half as much as the two for keeping. In the latter case the profit all goes in keeping the extra cow. If we would prosper we must keep our wits awake.

Skip one feeding period after the calf is removed so it will have a good appetite, then give from three to four pints of whole milk fresh from the cow; it will then drink without the finger. Feed only twice a day and the first week feed its mother's milk fresh.—Western Plowman.

DAIRY MANAGEMENT.

How to Keep the Cows in a Prime Condition of Health and Insure Pecuniary Success.

Twice each day, 14 times each week, our cows are driven from the field to the stable during pasture season and milked, each cow tied in her own stall and fed a supplementary ration of grain, but not a balanced one except that it aids digestion and assimilation with pasture consumed during the day. This grain ration is made up largely of bran, with 25 per cent. of chop added. We do not feed grain for the purpose of quieting our cows, but for the specific purpose of obtaining revenue, and always feel that it pays to do it in such a degree as good judgment permits.

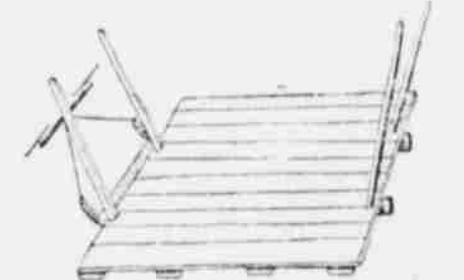
Our cows are driven quietly to and from field, which is not far, nor should it be distant. We saw a man go one mile to a rented pasture to milk. This was on the right side of economy as against driving cows the distance to and from pasture. We fear some of our dairymen are not sufficiently careful during the summer in caring for stables, keeping them cleanly and removing daily some of the products that soon produce noxious odors. Everything should be kept absolutely clean and every stall dusted with gypsum or what is almost as good, common road dust.

Almost daily our stalls are swept and the milk bucket treated likewise, so that they present a tempting place for the cows to go to eat and rest while they are speedily milked. We advocate rapid milking when done in a masterly way. In fly time a tarpaulin cover closed up at the rear is thrown over a cow while milking her, and she stands perfectly quiet and cannot use her tail to the annoyance of the milker. Udders and teats are dusted before milking, thus avoiding foreign substances getting into the milk, which we consider very important. At once after cows are milked they are turned out to avoid soiling the trough. We are poor authorities on kicking cows. The best way to break them is not to have them. Kicking cows are, we think, the result of poor handling and training.—George E. Scott, in National Stockman.

HAULING CORN FODDER.

Description of a Sled That is Easier and Far More Convenient Than Any Wagon.

A handy sled for hauling corn fodder from the field to the rack or barn is shown herewith. It is far easier and more convenient than a wagon. I drive within a foot of the sled, push the sled over with a pitchfork and the team on the sled takes hold of the top and pulls while the man with the fork pushes. I begin loading at the front end, and fill one side, then fill the other. Then drive to where it is wanted and set the sleds off whole. This method is better than stacking, as it does not break up or waste it. I want to haul



SLED FOR HAULING CORNFODDER

every shock of my corn up and set it off around the lots so I won't have to go out blizzard days and get it from the field. I use four horses abreast on it, for the field is hilly and a good way to haul. Dimensions are: Hickory runner poles 18 1/2 feet long and six inches at butt, four feet four inches apart. Cross pieces are ten feet long, hickory poles hewn down about square and bolted to runners. The runners want to be braced strongly in front so they won't pull together. The boards are 16 feet, outside pieces four by four inches to add strength. Runners have two-inch holes bored in them for stakes, which are of hickory. The front ones fit tight, but the back ones are loose, so they may be removed when putting the last shock on.—J. I. Hubbard, in Farm and Home.

Don't Worry the Cow.

A rough, quick-tempered man should never be tolerated around the cow stable. The cow loves quietude. Any disturbance which excites her lessens it does not stop the secretion and flow of milk. It is very easy for an employee, by kicking and beating a cow just before or while he is milking, to lessen her milk flow by one-half. This is called "holding up" the milk. It is really a prevention of milk secretion, and the milk thus lost does not come down at any subsequent milking.—Rural World.

Testimony from the South.

The stone roads that have been built around Charlotte, N. C., mainly by convict labor, have done much for the progress of the place. Fifty miles of hard roads are down and they are to be extended to the county border line. It is said that it used to be a feat worth bragging about for a farmer to get to town with four bales of cotton on a wagon drawn by four horses, but now he thinks nothing of bringing six bales on a wagon drawn by two.

PITYING THE POOR.

A Tramp Who Would Not Take the Crust from a Needy Woman's Mouth.

Sometimes the tramp gets the better of the thrifty housewife. The mistress of a pretty little cottage at Sausalito—she only inherited about \$50,000, and so is obliged to be frugal—is the object of a little criticism from her friends because of her reputed parsimony. Last Saturday, as she was sitting on her piazza, overlooking the water, and waiting for Ted to come home, a passing knight of the road humbly solicited a bite. The young woman could not withstand the petition, so she went herself to the bread box, which was filled with freshly-baked loaves, and brought out the waiting vagrant two slices of boardlike consistency which had been baked many days earlier. As she presented her bounty she felt just a trifle ashamed of it.

"We are very poor ourselves," she said, in muttered apology.

The outcast received the crust with a courteous "Thank you," and turned away.

A moment later he returned and handed the young housewife the crusts and also a nickel.

"I am very sorry for you," he said, in gentle tones of genuine sympathy.—San Francisco News Letter.

A FATHER'S STORY.

From the Evening Crescent, Appleton, Wis.

A remarkable cure from a disease which has generally wrecked the lives of children, and left them in a condition to which death itself would be preferred has attracted a great amount of attention among the residents of the west end of Appleton.

The case is that of little Willard Creech, son of Richard D. Creech, a well known employe of one of the large paper mills in the Fox River Valley. The lad was attacked by spinal disease and his parents had given up all hope of his ever being well again when, as by a miracle, he was healed and is now in school as happy as any of his mates.

Mr. Creech, the father of the boy, who resides at 1902 Second Street, Appleton, Wisconsin, told the following story:



He Goes to School.

"Our boy was absolutely helpless. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and when we used electricity he could not feel it below his hips. Finally we let the doctor go as he did not seem to help our son and we nearly gave up hope. Finally my mother who lives in Canada wrote advising the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I bought some.

"This was when our boy had been on the stretcher for an entire year. In six weeks after taking the pills we noted signs of vitality in his legs, and in four months he was able to go to school.

"It is two years since he took the first of the pills and he is at school now just as happy and well as any of the other children. It was nothing else in the world that saved the boy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Professor (in medical college)—"What is the first thing you do in case of a cold?" Bright Student—"Sneeze, sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Every master is more or less of a servant to his "help."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A center shot. St. Jacobs Oil strikes Scat and it is killed.

Souvenir is the maiden name of rubbish.—Atenison Globe.

Only a sprain? You may be a cripple. St. Jacobs Oil cures, sure.

In warning there is strength.—Lew Wallace.

A mule, a kick, man sick. St. Jacobs Oil cured the bruises.

Almost any man who has kept house for 20 years can go up in the attic and see things that cost him \$1,000, and that he couldn't get a \$10 bill for now.—Somerville Journal.

For days she hovered at death's door; but now the fever had turned at last. "You will recover!" exclaimed the physician, joyously. A shade of anxiety swept across her wasted features. "Will my hair grow in early?" she demanded. Ah, how pitifully confounded is science before the really important secrets of the future!—Detroit Journal.

Jamaica, with its ginger, might become desirable territory if this country ever gets cramped elsewhere.—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Young—"Bridget, run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is this morning." Bridget (returning)—"Shure, ma'am, she says she's seventy years and eight months old, and wants to know what business that is of yours."—Cornell Widow.

Charley Groat asked a friend of his from the country the other day if she had been out to the fair, and she replied as follows: "I didn't want, I didn't want to go, and if I had wanted to go, I couldn't have gotten to wine."—Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle.

Eric—"I like to see a man ready to fight for the truth." Alec—"Yes; why, only yesterday a man said I lied, and I hit him in an instant."—Answers.

The congresswoman from the new state of Michigan, now rose and addressed the house. "I move," she exclaimed, "that all this red tape be dispensed with!" The motion carried unanimously. But when it was urged that there be substituted heliotrope tape with a sea-green border, difficulties arose. The brunette wing of the dominant party, supported by the agrarian bleached blonds, insisted upon shrimp pink.—Detroit Journal.

It is from books that wise men derive consolation in the troubles of life.—Victor Hugo.

What Cuba's Loss Means to Spain.

The loss of Cuba means to Spain the loss of the very sustenance of the nation. Already her tax ridden people are crying for bread. In the same way the loss of your once vigorous appetite means poverty and starvation to your body. If any reader of this paper wishes to be as hungry again as when a child, and wants to fully enjoy hearty meals, we can recommend Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation.

Small Capital.

First Theater-Goer—Mrs. De Style, who went on the stage, after a divorce scandal, has failed to make expenses. Already her tax ridden people are crying for bread. In the same way the loss of your once vigorous appetite means poverty and starvation to your body. If any reader of this paper wishes to be as hungry again as when a child, and wants to fully enjoy hearty meals, we can recommend Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some housewives are so busy they seem to be trying to create the atmosphere of home by agitation, on the principle of a ventilating apparatus.—Detroit Journal.

To California.

Attention is called to the excellent service of the North-Western Line to California and the favorable rates which have been made for single and round-trip tickets for this season's travel. Best accommodations in first-class or tourist sleeping cars, which run through every day in the year. Personally-conducted tourist car parties every week to California and Oregon. Choice of a large number of different routes without extra charge.

Particulars cheerfully given upon application to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y, or connecting lines.

"Folks dat insists on habbin' dar own way," said Uncle Eben, "runs a good deal o' risk in not habbin' no one ter blame when things goes wrong."—Washington Star.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Not every boy who has his picture taken holding a rifle can play.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Landaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

Some of the highest-priced stuff the apothecary sells is a drug on the market.—Golden Days.

Surely the best thing out is St. Jacobs Oil for Rheumatism.

The weather prognosticator is himself a storm-center.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Can't work? Stiff and sore from cold? Use St. Jacobs Oil—work to-morrow.

A package is usually done up well for an express purpose.—Golden Days.

Keep on, you'll learn the best cure for Neuralgia is St. Jacobs Oil.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything."

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

"THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE REMEMBER." ONE WORD WITH YOU,

SAPOLIO

Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough. Write to the Doctor.

Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently qualify us for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Tell us what your experience has been with our Cherry Pectoral. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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USED BY ALL THE CHAMPION SHOTS.
FREE. SEND NAME ON A POSTAL CARD, FOR 152 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
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Price 50 cents of all druggists or R. F. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE
Is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrophulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Gangrene, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all pus, saves expense and suffering. Cures in minutes. Best sale for Abscesses, Piles, Burns, Cuts, and all Fresh Wounds. By mail, small size large, 50c. Box free. J. E. ALLEN, 123 N. 1ST ST., ST. PAUL, MINN. Sold by Druggists.

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Send stamp for catalogue
POWELL & CLEMENT CO., 418 N. 1ST ST., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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Of All Kinds. WM. F. EMMERTON, 174 Government Place, Cincinnati, O.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. GREEN'S SON, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A. N. K.—E 1734
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : Dec. 15, 1898.

FOR GOVERNOR,

P. WAT HARDIN,
OF HARRODSBURG.

+ANNOUNCEMENTS.+

For Representative.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH P. ROSE, of Lacy creek, Wolfe county, as a candidate for Representative in the next General Assembly from the counties of Wolfe and Morgan, subject to action of the Democratic party.

For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

LET THEM COME HOME.

Two of Our Former Citizens Appeal to Their Friends to Do What They Can to Have Them Mustered Out.

ANNISTON, ALA., Dec. 4, 1898.

Dear Editor: I take the time and pleasure of writing to you in regard to our being mustered out. If you will be so kind as to give me space please give my regards to my old Wolfe county friends. Tell them that I would like to be back in old Kentucky to see them all.

Mr. Cooper, if you can do any thing to help us to be mustered out, would you be so kind as to use your influence with the important men of Kentucky. We have nothing to do but lay in old dirty camps. We thought we would get to go to the front and see service. But as there have been many disappointments we would like to come home. As the majority of the men are married, they can't support their families here. They would rather be at home with their wives and work at 50 cents a day than be here and live the way we have to.

You write to W. O. Bradley and ask him to help us to get out, as there is nothing for us to do. Although we are in very good health here it is very cold. It is snowing today, but we have very comfortable tents and good stoves to warm by, and very good beds to lie on. But nothing like home. I am very well satisfied myself but there are many who are not, and they want to get out. So if you will do this you will be remembered hereafter.

Mr. Cooper, I want to subscribe for your paper and have it sent to me here. Send me one copy and tell me the price, and I will take your paper for one year.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I will now close. Yours truly,
GAN Z. DYER.

ANNISTON, ALA., Dec. 3, 1898.

Dear Bro. Cooper:—Will you please send me a copy of THE HERALD containing my letter of recent date.

By the way, we are unanimous in wanting to get out of the service. I have written Fitzpatrick to that effect, and wish you would do the same. Letters are going out from here to all men who are thought to have influence with the administration, asking for our discharge.

You can say in THE HERALD that it is the universal desire of the regiment to get out of service, and if there is any possibility we are going out. Do all you can for us. Yours, &c.,
W. P. NORRIS.

Valuable Property For Sale.

Residence in Winchester, 11 rooms, lot 60x210, in best part of town, stable, &c. Magnificent property. Price \$5,500. Address or call on T. M. Morrow, Winchester or Jackson.

N. L. Ware's sale of household goods will occur Dec. 17, 1898, beginning at 1 p. m. The best cooking stove, wood or coal, ever made will be sold. Every article in the house except wearing apparel and bed clothes will be sold.

"What do I fear?" is a question worth asking by each man or woman. Perhaps without recognizing it the reader of this paragraph is being influenced in his or her daily life by groundless fears that are ruinous to character. The Cosmopolitan Magazine has taken up this subject and is obtaining the views of a great many prominent people, where they are willing to open their minds frankly. A great many other prominent people have refused The Cosmopolitan's request, being afraid to tell the public what they fear—perhaps even afraid to confess to themselves what they fear. The December issue includes statements from Wm. Dean Howells, Richard Croker, Admiral Gherardi, Chauncey M. Depew, Viola Allen, Mme. Janaushek and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The second series will, it is promised, be even more interesting.

Cincinnati Live Stock Market.

The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:

No choice cattle on the market today.
Top price for those on sale, \$4.65.
Top price for calves, \$7.25.
Top price of light hogs, \$3.25; heavy, \$3.45.
Best sheep brought \$4.00.
Best lambs brought \$5.25.
The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

On Thursday night, the 22nd inst., at the academy, four young men will debate the question: That "United States Senators and Supreme Judges should be elected by the popular vote." Curtis Rose and Hood Vaughn will affirm and John Bays and Sam Nickell will deny. Come out and hear these young men. They will certainly entertain and instruct, besides you owe it to the academy to attend any public entertainment it may give.

Moody Lacy, who left here on Monday week to join the United States army, is a member of Co. L, Twenty-second infantry, and stationed at Fort Crook, Neb. With his many friends we join in the wish that he may have continuous good health, be always happy, and return home a hero upon whom honors have been heaped. P. S.—All soldiers who subscribe for THE HERALD will be treated to this same wish.

Since our friend, Taylor Johnson, got his name in big type through his generosity, he has grown to be an expansionist. In some respects, at least. Henry Pieratt says that Taylor is circulating a petition asking our prospective representative, Hon. Joseph P. Rose, to introduce a bill making the year contain 13 months so as to save interest. Also, "An act to amend an act relating to saw briars," etc., etc.

A pet pup belonging to Miss Lillie Evans developed some peculiar traits on Sunday last by snapping and biting at things generally, and as it was bitten a few weeks since by a dog thought to have been "mad," and subsequently killed, it is feared this may prove a case of hydrophobia.

John Evans and Will Pieratt are touring the surrounding country together, the former for the Louisville Tin and Stove company and the latter as solicitor for F. A. Lyon, Jr., of Beattyville, the leading insurance agent of Eastern Kentucky.

Mort Swango and Mort Pieratt have formed a partnership for the purpose of carrying out a logging contract on the Stamper branch, and it is said by more or less reliable parties that the joint capital invested is 15 cents.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

ARE YOU A DEMOCRAT?

An old adage reads: "There is a place for everything," and for everything to be in its place, the LOUISVILLE DISPATCH should find a place in the home of every DEMOCRAT in the SUNNY SOUTH. The Dispatch is the people's paper, owned by the people, and is always ready to fight for the cause of the people. IT STANDS SQUARELY ON THE CHICAGO PLATFORM, without the aid or consent of the Gold Bug Monopolies, and a fair comparison of its news service (now being furnished over leased wires by the New York Sun, the Chicago Inter Ocean and the Northern Press Association) with that of any other paper, will fully verify its motto, "If you see it in the Dispatch it's so, and if it's so it is always in the Dispatch."

The Dispatch also has a staff of over 300 active correspondents in the South, and will POSITIVELY GUARANTEE MORE THAN DOUBLE THE SOUTHERN NEWS of any other Louisville paper. Get the Dispatch; it gives the news and tells the truth about it.

Daily, 8 pages; Sunday, 24 pages; Weekly, 8 pages. We club with the Weekly Dispatch at the remarkably low price of

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A complete stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watches, — \$5.00 to \$25.00, and upward.

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135 E. Main St., near Postoffice,
LEXINGTON, KY.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.
CAPITAL, \$200,000. SURPLUS, \$30,000
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G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President,
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay you, checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.
N. H. WITHERSPOON, President,
E. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

FOR SALE

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my

Blacksmith, Carriage and Wood-Workers' Tools,

consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

Two Saddle and Harness Horses, GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years, and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Buggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on
JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

J. TAYLOR DAY,

Wholesale and Retail dealer in
General Merchandise, Lumber,

Real Estate, &c.
Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

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Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

Greatest Clothing Sale

In the History of the Trade,
At

Louis & Gus Straus',
Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

JUST THINK OF A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT at 99 cents. A beautiful satin-lined, Kersey overcoat, finest made, worth \$25.00, at \$12.50. 250 Boys' All-Wool Scotch Suits, double breasted, sizes 5 to 16 years, worth \$4, at \$2 a suit. Beautiful blue and black chevrons, double breasted, up to 20 years old, worth \$10, at \$5.

Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods, but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Strous Bros., Feckheimer, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

We are agents for "Newburgh Never-Rip Pants," and will give you 10 per cent. off on all goods.

Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

The best Fleece-lined Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth \$1.50.

You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS',
Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

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THE HERALD gives you all the local news, political and social, keeps you in close touch with your neighbors and friends, on the farm and in the village, informs you as to local prices for farm products, the condition of crops and prospects for the year, and is a bright, newsy, welcome and indispensable weekly visitor at your home and fireside.

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JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., LL. D., President.

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J. TAYLOR DAY, PROPRIETOR.

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Don't get possession of Swango Springs until December 21st, 1898, but will buy and keep some on tap free for all guests of L. PARK HOTEL, TORRENT, KY.

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMME CO., South Bend, Indiana.

The Currency Question.

THE BANE OF ENTERPRISE.

Falling Prices Mean Death to Business—Idle Money and Idle Men Go Hand in Hand.

Falling prices is the bane of enterprise. When prices are falling, money locked up in a safe or buried in the ground will bring profit to its owner, but if employed in the production of wealth its owner is certain to suffer loss. When prices are falling debts and taxes are absorbing the substance of the people; equities are being destroyed and the property of the people is being transferred unjustly to the owners of public and private debts.

The price of a single commodity may rise or fall in response to the varying supply or demand for that particular article, but when the general level of prices is sinking it is money, which is the pricing instrument, that is becoming scarce and consequently dear, which means that a larger amount of things in general must be given in exchange for a given amount of money.

The advocates of a gold standard and contracting money volume combat the argument that falling prices is caused by a scarcity of money by calling attention to a fact, which is frequent, that the banks at New York and other money centers contain large deposits of idle money that cannot be turned on good security at a low rate of interest. They insist that the presence of large deposits in the banks at the money centers is conclusive evidence that plenty of money exists. They assert that it is because we have more money than is demanded by the business of the country that these large hoards accumulate in the money centers awaiting the call of persons who require money for use in enterprise and production.

In this connection attention is called to another state of facts that always exists with large deposits of idle money in the banks at the money centers, which is that labor is idle and the wants of the people are not supplied, and that times are very hard generally. The advocates of gold contraction insist that the hard times cannot be caused by a scarcity of money, when money is in abundance in the banks at the money centers, for which borrowers cannot be found at low rates of interest.

The answer to the foregoing argument is that when the volume of money in a nation is diminishing, changing the relation that exists between money and things in general, as indicated by prices which are gradually going lower and lower as time progresses, that it is impossible for men of enterprise to employ money profitably in production; that falling prices bring to enterprise disappointment and loss, causing the multiplication of bankruptcies and driving business men to the wall. The experience of a few years under falling prices, with its carnival of bankruptcy, teaches men the hazard of business ventures, puts a check upon enterprise and limits production to the imperative demands of daily life. With the progress of time under a diminishing money volume money must tend more and more to accumulate in idle hoards at the money centers, as experience under a condition of falling prices teaches the people generally that to engage in active enterprise is to court loss and failure.

It must be borne in mind that the man of business desiring to use money can only secure it from the banks by depositing a well-secured note obligating himself to return it to the bank in a period of time varying from 30 to 90 days. He invests the money in property and commodities that are falling in price; that will be worth less money at the time his obligation for the repayment of the money matures than it was at the time of the purchase. Therefore, in order to return the borrowed money to the bank, the borrower is forced to suffer a loss. Therefore it is that under conditions of a contracting volume of money and falling prices, extending over a period of years, the greater the money contraction the greater the hoards of idle money that must accumulate at the money centers.

The contention is not made here that a large volume of money and high prices is of great advantage over a smaller volume of money and lower prices. The activity of business and the progress and development of a nation are not dependent upon whether prices be high or low, providing that the general level of prices be maintained and a general fall of prices be avoided.

The progress of the world has been made at such times as money supply was abundant and prices were advancing. This condition has never failed to call forth all the energies of a people. Develop the resources of a country, furnish employment for all workers and increase the sum of human happiness. On the contrary, when through the failure or exhaustion of the mines money supply has been cut off and the general level of prices commenced to fall, the activities of a people are only exerted while they can be upheld by private credit, which is at such times

put into the breach to supply the place of money. The use of private credit serves the purpose of continuing production and creating wealth for a very few years, at the end of which time the men who have thus used their credit become bankrupts and are driven out of the business arena. Following this comes a period of universal depression that is never arrested until a new money supply is found to arrest falling prices and restore conditions under which it is possible for enterprise to be conducted without loss.

Again, we are told that money is abundant because the rate of interest is low. When the money volume is diminishing and prices are falling business cannot be conducted at a profit and return borrowed money without paying any interest on the money at all. On the other hand, when prices are steady or slightly advancing, all the money that can be found will be in demand, and under such conditions the rate of interest never reaches a very low point.

There is no place for idle money in the economy of an industrial people. The units of money equalize with each other and the general volume of money makes the level of prices. Stable or advancing prices have never failed to call into requisition all the money that could be found, and it will never fail to do so. The normal business limit has never yet been reached, because as soon as man's necessities are supplied his ever-growing and never-satisfied demands for luxuries call into activity the forces of a higher civilization.

The apparently strange paradox of large hoards of idle money in the banks at the money centers while idle men and women suffer for wages and bread is readily understood when we realize that money cannot be employed in production without loss to its employers under the gold standard, which has cut off silver as a source of money supply and has in 23 years doubled the value of gold.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

ARGUMENT FOR BIMETALLISM

Report of the Director of the Mint Shows Good Business Sense of Free Silver.

The director of the mint at Washington has just published a report of the world's production of gold and silver for 1897, which is a complete and unanswerable refutation of every respectable argument that has ever been urged in favor of the single gold standard. As the director is an officer of the McKinley administration, and himself an advocate of the gold standard, it cannot be claimed that his report is either biased or prejudiced in favor of bimetalism by his personal feelings, and yet if he had been the most ardent free silver advocate in the world he could not have uttered a more telling argument in favor of the justice and good business sense of bimetalism.

His report shows, first, that the world's production of gold and silver, during the last fiscal year, was very nearly equal in coinage value, namely, \$237,504,800 of gold, and \$236,750,300 of silver—or \$774,500 less silver than gold. This effectually disposes of the silly stock argument that the fall in the price of silver is due to its "overproduction." The fact of the matter is, that the two metals, in comparative value of production, are running right along together, just as they have done since the dawn of civilization, and that silver has parted company with gold in value, solely on account of dishonest adverse legislation.

If the world's whole output of silver for 1897 were distributed equally among the people of the United States alone, it would give each one of them only about \$3.15. How, then, can it be consistently claimed that if we adopt the principle of free coinage we will be swamped with a flood of silver from the rest of the world? Considering the facts as they actually exist, it would be a very small "flood," and we would like to see it begin at once. Other nations need and want silver just as much as we do, because it is the people's money, the universal circulating medium and consequently no country would have any to spare for the "flood." Each nation would be compelled to hold fast to all it could get, to supply the actual necessities of its own people. The total production of silver in the United States, coinage value, was \$69,637,172, which would give to each inhabitant the magnificent sum of a very small fraction over 92 cents.

The total production of both gold and silver in the United States, coinage value, was \$127,000,172, or about \$1.63 per capita for our entire population!

In view of the foregoing, can any man in his right mind claim that there can be any danger from "overproduction" if we restore silver to its just and legal position?—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

An Adjustable Standard.
Money—the pricing instrument—must increase with population and demand in order to preserve equities in time contracts and be an honest standard of payment.

NON-REDEEMABLE MONEY.

Our Financial Foundation Was Rendered Shaky When Silver Was Demonetized.

Money may be divided into two classes, primary and representative. By the term primary money is meant money that is not redeemable in any other money. It is endowed with legal tender qualities. It is a thing of value. It is the substance, not the shadow. It may be used to redeem other money, but it is not redeemable itself. It bears the same relation to a stable system of finance that the foundation of a building does to the superstructure. It is the foundation of the system upon which to build representative money. If so much representative money rests upon it that the center of gravity falls without the base, the whole system topples over. Financiers, instead of adding representative or credit money, on an insecure foundation, advocate adding to the base. A wise man in building looks after the foundation. This is his first thought. It is of supreme importance, and, absolutely essential, in order to have a safe, permanent building, to have a foundation able to support it. So it is with the financial system. It must be built from the bottom up—not from the top down. In 1873 one-half of the base of our system was taken away. It was stolen by a few bandits during the night. It made the base too narrow. Instead of subtracting we ought to have added. Our system would then not be top-heavy as it is now. The center of gravity would be within the base, and the angry waves of discontent would not affect it. Panics would not come. If so, they would be of short duration. Everything would soon resume its normal condition and the people would be prosperous and happy. But the scene has changed. We have too little base and too much top. We lack strength. When silver was demonetized one-half the foundation was destroyed. The whole superstructure has been wobbly ever since. The representative money is too heavy for the primary, and our condition is unhealthy, abnormal. To restore healthfulness to our financial system, silver must be made primary money. It ought to be demonetized and endowed with full legal tender power in the payment of all debts. It ought to be made as good as gold. It should be taken from the top of the column and placed at the base. This would give strength and tone to the whole system. It would double the base, whereas before it was cut in two. With both gold and silver as primary money, the strength of the base is doubled, consequently it will support twice the representative money that either metal will alone. For illustration, say there is \$600,000,000 of gold in the United States. Gold being the only primary money—the only money that does not need to be redeemed—it follows that \$600,000,000 of representative money may be safely issued because there is a gold dollar behind each paper promise to pay a dollar on demand. When redeemed, it may be reissued because the gold is still in existence with which to redeem it again. Under our present system the United States cannot safely have out more promises to pay dollars than it has dollars in gold. But under the bimetallic plan, take silver from the representative column and place it in the primary as it was before February 12, 1873. It increases the base over \$628,000,000 which would give a metallic basis of \$1,228,000,000. An equal amount of paper promises to pay money could be issued on the coin which would give the people \$2,456,000,000 of a circulating medium. This would give a per capita circulation of \$17.50 of gold and silver, whereas there is now only about \$8.55 in actual money. The treasury department claims there is a per capita circulation of \$22.55. It counts gold, silver and paper as money, which is wrong. Gold is the only money we have. The greenback bears the same relation to the government, or to the people, that a man's individual note bears to himself. It is not money. It is a promise to pay money on demand. It is not a part of his wealth. It is an evidence of debt. Silver is not money in the estimation of some of our financiers. It is no more than a piece of paper. It represents money—gold. It holds a quasi position in our monetary system. While the silver dollar has never been redeemed in gold, yet the treasury notes which are based upon bullion purchased by the government, are redeemed in gold. It follows that it is only a question of time until the silver dollar itself will be redeemed in gold, if in the estimation of the secretary of the treasury, it is necessary, to do so to maintain the parity of the two metals. John G. Carlisle, late secretary of the treasury, said this would be done, if necessary, and as there is no difference between the administration of William McKinley and Grover Cleveland on the financial question the presumption is that it will be done sooner or later. This plan of redemption destroys silver as primary money. And if money based upon it is redeemed in gold it is virtually equivalent to redeeming the dollar itself in gold. Under the law the greenback is redeemable in coin, but the treasury officials construe the word coin to mean gold. Or they virtually do the same thing in giving the creditor the option in which kind of money he will be paid. There

is no authority for such a construction of the law, however. It is a plain perversion of the word. But as long as our officials lack honesty to enforce the law aright, the people will have to suffer. Such conduct merits the severest condemnation, and it is strange that any man who regards his oath of office will do it.

REPUBLICAN ROT.

The Ridiculous Claims That the Administration Organs Are Now Making.

One of the many discreditable characteristics of the republican party is its assumption that the people of the United States are fools—that they can be made to believe that black is white and that they are incapable of remembering national events for a period of six or eight months together. This characteristic has been exhibited in campaigns without number and it is particularly manifest in the one now in progress.

Republican orators and republican newspapers assert, day after day, that the war with Spain was a republican war and that democratic success at the coming elections will be regarded as a condemnation of that war. The intelligence of the people is insulted by the assumption that they have already forgotten the series of events beginning with the destruction of the Maine and culminating in the congressional resolution of April 21 which inaugurated the war with Spain.

It was a republican war, we are told. Has anyone forgotten how, week after week, the republican house of representatives, cowering under the lash of Thomas B. Reed sat silent and supine while indignation of the nation was at fever heat? Has anyone forgotten how the report of the Maine court of inquiry was withheld from congress upon one pretext or another while Hanna, Elkins and McCook oscillated between Wall street and the white house?

Are the people of this country a multitude of imbeciles that they are expected to ignore history so recent that it is in every man's mind? A republican war! Ask Hon. Albert J. Hopkins about that. Along in early April he, too, believed it was to be a republican war. He believed that the speaker of the house of representatives was representing republican sentiment and he organized a revolt against that official. He took his grievance to the white house, and what he heard there caused himself and his followers to slink back to the capitol like so many whipped spaniels. They did not even whimper from that time forward. They had discovered that so far as the administration was concerned it was not "a republican war."

"Give us 24 hours and we've got 'em licked," said Marcus A. Hanna on the 17th of April. Of whom was he speaking—of the Spaniards? Not at all. The dictator of the republican party, the mentor of the president of the United States, was referring to those members of the house of representatives who were endeavoring to bring to a vote a resolution declaring war against the kingdom of Spain. He was striving to avert such a declaration, and to the very last moment he struggled against it with all the power and influence he could muster. And yet it was "a republican war!" The republican president, the republican speaker, the republican congress, the supreme boss of the republican party all working tooth and nail for peace at any price, yet six months later the American people are calmly assured that it was "a republican war!"

Undoubtedly there were republicans in congress who favored war, whose wrath boiled within them at the cowardly and unpatriotic policy adopted by their party leaders. But had it not been for the democrats in both houses who from first to last maintained the nation's honor—who, with the saving remnant of patriotic republicans, bade fair to beat the administration, the speaker and the heavy-jawed boss on their own ground—there would have been no war at all. The Maine would still be unavenged and Hanna would be raking in the profits from Spanish bonds.

Dragged by the nape of the neck, squealing, scratching and protesting, into a struggle for the preservation of the nation's dignity and honor, and yet a few short months later proclaiming from stump and sanctum that it was "a republican war!"

Faugh!—Chicago Chronicle.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

—In 1872 cotton brought 22 cents a pound. That was several years before Mark Hanna became such a considerable factor in politics.—St. Louis Republic.

—The election of a democratic majority in congress would be a great misfortune indeed—to the trusts, monopolies and labor-crushing combines.—Illinois State Register.

—Ohio republican bosses say if there are no democratic "roorbacks" the state will endorse McKinley's administration. There will be several democratic "roorbacks."—Kansas City Times.

—Whitewash is a good disinfectant. But that Alger commission now traveling from camp to camp is too late to save the lives of 2,000 soldiers dead with neglect.—Columbus (O.) Press-Post.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Was there much damage to the library by fire?" "Well, all the rare books are well done now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Ella—"I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived." Stella—"Of course not; I'm engaged to him myself."—Tit-Bits.

Uncle Hiram—"They say the sun never sets on the British empire." Aunt Hannah—"Doesn't it, now? And we have such magnificent sunsets over here!"—Puck.

He—"Do you know, when you walk you move just like a poem?" She (blushing)—"Ah, do you really think so?" He—"Yes; one foot always right after the other."—Cleveland Leader.

Clashing Interests—"Alas!" said she, "that our interest should lie in different spheres!" None the less, it was too true. He was a baseball crank, and she loved golf.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Else Could He Think?—Mr. Pitt—"What do you think of the new flour-mill trust?" Mr. Penn—"What do I think of the flour-mill trust? It is a grinding monopoly, of course."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

From His Point of View.—"Did you see the story of that fellow with only \$800 who succeeded in falling for \$10,000?" "Sure." "What do you think of it?" "Well, I wouldn't like to do it myself, but I would like to be able to do it."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Army Food.—"How was the food?" asked the chairman of the investigation board. "Well," replied the officer, "about the nearest thing I can compare it to is the stuff you get to eat when you are camping out with a summer party."—Philadelphia North American.

Perry—"I wish I'd of paid more attention to this here war." Wayworn—"What good would it do you?" Perry—"Just this: I'd be goin' around right now as a wounded soldier from Cuba, only I dunno which regiment to belong to. It would be jist my luck to name one of them outfits that n-er get away from home."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE FUTURE OF ALASKA.

May Be Sapped of All Resources and Then Thrown Away Like a Sucked Orange.

Under the present conditions when the sea otter are destroyed, the fur seal herd exterminated, the native tribes starved to death, the salmon rivers depopulated, the timber cut, and the placer gold fields worked out, Alaska is to be thrown away like a sucked orange. There is no other possible end, if we continue as we have begun. We are "not in Alaska for our health," and when we can no longer exploit it we may as well abandon it. But it may be argued that it will be a very costly thing to foster all Alaska's wide-separated resources, and to give good government to all her scattered villages and posts. Furthermore, all this outlay is repaid only by the enrichment of private corporations, who, with the exception of the fur seal lessees, pay no tribute to the government.

Doubtless this is true. Government is a costly thing, and its benefits are unequally distributed. But the cost would be less if we should treat other resources as we have treated the fur seal. To lease the salmon rivers and to protect the lessees in their rights would be to insure a steady and large income to the government, with greater profit to the salmon canneries than comes with the present confusion and industrial war.

But admitting all this, we should count the cost before accepting "colonies." It is too late to do so when they have been once annexed. If we cannot afford to watch them, to care for them, to give them paternal rule when no other is possible, we do wrong to hoist our flag over them. Government by the people is the ideal to be reached in all our possessions, but there are races of men living under our flag as yet incapable of receiving the town-meeting idea. A race of children must be treated as children, a race of brigands as brigands, and whatever authority controls either must have behind it the force of arms.

Alaska has made individuals rich, but the government has yet to get its money back. But whether colonies pay or not, it is essential to the integrity of the United States itself that our control over them should not be a source of corruption and waste. It may be that the final loss of her colonies, mismanaged for two centuries, will mark the civil and moral awakening of Spain. Let us hope that the event will not mark a civil and moral lapse in the nation which receives Spain's bankrupt assets.—David Starr Jordan, in Atlantic.

Long on Repartee.

The Hired Help—Say, this here ice you have been leavin' is five or ten pounds short every mornin'.

The Ice man—Sure, it's the burnin' glances of them lovely blue eyes that melts it before I kin git to the house!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Would Have Been Lost Otherwise.—He—Miss Lucklone was certainly born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She—Well, it must have been a table-spoon, or no one would have noticed it.—Odds and Ends.

MONTHLY SUFFERING.

Thousands of women are troubled at monthly intervals with pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. But they need not suffer.



These pains are symptoms of dangerous derangements that can be corrected. The menstrual function should operate painlessly.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

makes menstruation painless, and regular. It puts the delicate menstrual organs in condition to do their work properly. And that stops all this pain. Why will any woman suffer month after month when Wine of Cardui will relieve her? It costs \$1.00 at the drug store. Why don't you get a bottle to-day?

For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. ROZENA LEWIS, of Donaville, Texas, says: "I was troubled at monthly intervals with terrible pains in my head and back, but have been entirely relieved by Wine of Cardui."

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.

SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS, Edward and Callie Oley are on the sick list.

Anthony Lowe, of Toliver, made a business trip to this place last week.

Mrs. W. P. Cecil and little daughter, Fern, of Virginia, visited us last week.

Mrs. D. B. May, of Daysboro, accompanied by Rush Swango, of this place, visited relatives at Hazel last week.

Rev. R. M. Lee, of Hazel Green, was in this vicinity last week making preparations about going to housekeeping.

Quite a crowd of the young of this place attended the basket-supper at the Presbyterian church in Hazel Green on Friday night last, and report an enjoyable time.

D. B. May, wife and daughter, Blanche, A. B. Swango, wife and son, Oliver, Mrs. W. P. Cecil and daughter, Fern, all took dinner with H. H. Swango Saturday, and those who took part enjoyed the rabbit hunt as well as the dinner.

Dec. 12. Uno.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state. D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country.

Dick Russell, of South Hazel Green, was taken suddenly ill Sunday afternoon, but is some better at this writing.

MORGAN COUNTY.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

The school at this place closed last Thursday, Dec. 8, with a large attendance. Uncle Dick Bolin, one of our most aged citizens, delivered an interesting address on "Education," which received a hearty applause. Then Mr. Ness, one of the trustees, spoke a few words in behalf of the success of this five months, and the untiring energy of the teacher and her faithful works. Mrs. Curtin, Morton Pieratt and others spoke in glowing terms of the school. A few of the class exercises were open for the audience, and the little oral class did excellent work, after which the average reports of the classes were read. The three highest per cent's were given in each class, the one receiving the highest average being awarded Longfellow's Poems and a beautiful pen and staff. Frank Young received an average of 93 per cent, the highest. The district all seemed well pleased and they all unite with one accord in saying that this year has been one of their most beneficial five months' schools ever known in Maytown.

On Tuesday, Dec. 6, Miss Zelma Jones celebrated her 19th birthday anniversary by entertaining Misses Myrtle Williams, Alice and Roxie Murphy, Lizzie Walters, Annie Havens, Maud Blackwell, Lizzie and Lillie Henry, Messrs. Tom Henry, Rollie Walters, Edgar Cecil, Rollie Williams, Harold Nickell, Morton Murphy and Garfield Walters with a nice supper and social. All seemed to enjoy themselves, and at 12 o'clock departed. Quite a number of handsome presents were given to Miss Zelma, who is certainly a very deserving young school teacher, this being her first year of teaching. We wish Miss Zelma many, many more happy birthdays.

Harve Nickell attended the basket supper at Hazel Green Friday night and reports an enjoyable time.

Jordan Wills went to Lacy creek last week.

MIZE MITES.

J. A. Oldfields and sons have returned from Mt. Sterling.

There will be a Christmas tree at the Murphy school house.

Mrs. Jeff Couch, of Long Branch, is still quite ill at her home.

Miss Mattie McGuire has been visiting her aunt, Martha Ayers, this week.

The many friends of Jim Lee Shoup were pleased to see him at Mize last week.

Elias DeBusk, who has been in the blue grass for some time, has returned home.

Kelly Rose, of Lee City, closed his school at the Murphy school house on Friday.

Miss Sarah Ellen Vest is quite ill at the home of her brother-in-law, Ben Murphy.

There will be regular services at the Old Grassy church Sunday next. Everybody cordially invited.

Joe Lee and Curtis Oldfield, of this place, bought a fine yoke of cattle from Clay Rose, of Lee City.

Lee Rose and sister, Mary, accompanied by Misses Mary Belle, Ida and Joe

L. Oldfield, attended the marriage of Miss Nannie Rose at Lee City last week.

John Fugate and wife have been visiting at Mize and left for home Sunday evening, much to the regret of their many friends.

Regardless of Age.

The kidneys are responsible for more sickness, suffering, and deaths than any other organs of the body.

A majority of the ills afflicting people today is traceable to kidney trouble. It pervades all classes of society, in all climates, regardless of age, sex or condition.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are unmistakable, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, pain or dull ache in the back, a desire to urinate often day or night, profuse or scanty supply.

Uric acid, or brick-dust deposit in urine are signs of clogged kidneys, causing poisoned and germ filled blood. Sometimes the heart acts badly, and tube casts (wasting of the kidneys) are found in the urine, which if neglected will result in Bright's Disease, the most dangerous form of kidney trouble.

All these symptoms and conditions are promptly removed under the influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root. It has a world-wide reputation for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

No one need be long without it as it is so easy to get at any drug store at 50 cents or \$1. You can have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery, Swamp Root, and a book telling all about it, both sent to you absolutely free by mail. Send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Rev. James H. Wallin will preach at the Rose Chapel on Lacy creek Sunday at 11 a. m. Everybody invited.

WAGES OF SIN

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD ESTD 1878 250,000 DISEASED MEN CURED WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES

250,000 CURED

YOUNG MAN Have you sinned when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing? Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Have you money in your pocket constituting "YOUNG MAN'S LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON?" If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure—EMISSIONS, VENEREAL, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 2c stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for KENNEDY'S BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KEGAN 122 W. FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Wolfe county for the year 1898, I will, on Monday, January 2, 1899, at being county court day, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the court house door in the town of Campton, Ky., expose to public sale, for cash in hand, the following real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the taxes and costs, to-wit: District No. 1.—Joseph Amy's heirs, 300 acres land adjoining the lands of Frank Duke. Tax and cost \$10.46. District No. 1.—Charles B. Robins, 65 acres adj. the lands of David Linden. Tax and cost \$3.87. District No. 1.—One town lot, assessed in the name of C. T. Byrd. Tax and cost \$2.50. District No. 3.—One town lot, assessed in the name of John E. Cooper. Tax and cost \$4.33. District No. 4.—3750 acres land assessed in the name of D. S. C. W. Patter, adj. lands of S. B. Ledford. Tax and cost \$26.11. District No. 4.—1766 acres land assessed in the name of T. B. Quisenberry's heirs, adj. land of W. L. Bush. Tax and cost \$23.77. A. T. COMBS, S. W. C.

W. G. LOCKHART, DENTIST,

EZEL, KY. Teeth extracted without pain. Gold fillings a specialty. Will be at Hazel Green Monday, Dec. 5, and remain one week. Charges reasonable.

JOB PRINTING.

ENVELOPES, NOTEHEADS, BILLHEADS, LETTERHEADS, SALE-BILLS, PROGRAMS, CIRCULARS, CATALOGS, MINUTES, &c., &c.

We have Three Fast Presses, a Power Paper Cutter, and 40 Years' Experience enables us to Court Comparison and Defy Competition. When you want PRINTING come and see us. Respectfully, &c., SPENCER COOPER.

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Some Plain Facts.

Grave errors, injustice, wrongs of greater or less degree, arise from lack of knowledge of the truth, and more frequently from deception.

The most infamous case on record of deception and injustice is the attempt to demonetize silver as a money of final redemption in the United States.

There is no learned judge, skilled lawyer, or court of justice that is capable of reconciling the effort with the constitutional laws that govern the issue of money in this country.

The people have been deceived, officials in power, chosen to administer justice under the laws, have ignored their sworn duty, and given aid to the scheme that has paralyzed industry, reduced property values one-half, and beggared millions.

There is no authority of law, either specific or by inference, by which gold alone is made the only money with which to discharge debts, either public or private. The effort to make it so is unconstitutional and a national calamity.

Plain and ample information, facts, and truth, concerning this almost successful scheme to corner the wealth of the people, is now being printed in the Cincinnati Enquirer, a newspaper which the combined power of money has failed to muzzle or buy.

The Weekly Enquirer is only 75c a year. The address is Enquirer Company, Cincinnati, O.

ROLLIN A. KASH, ATTORNEY-at-LAW,

HAZEL GREEN, KY. Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties, and attend promptly to all collections entrusted to him.

"Ring out the old Ring out the false We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway"

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the mucus-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grip as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalf, Paducah, Ky.